

A Town Full of Magic

by Key of Magic

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Summary: Harry overhears Dumbledore and McGonagall talking about a Wizard of Oz... but what could that mean? Of course he has to look into it, which causes him, Ron, and Hermione to get sucked up through a portal and land in a town called Storybrooke, where all the fairy tale characters exist. And it seems like the Wizard of Oz is attacking there. But can they save Storybrooke and get home?

1. Chapter 1

**Chapter 1 - Hearing Things **

"And then," Professor Binns drawled, "the goblins started another war in 1867, resulting in quite a few wizard deaths!"

Harry rubbed his eyes under his glasses. He and his friends were sitting in History of Magic, and only Hermione seemed to be listening. She was perked up, her eyes wide and her mouth a little open, scribbling down notes on her parchment every couple of seconds. Ron was half-asleep.

Sure, Harry found just about everything in the wizarding world fascinating, but Professor Binns's voice was like a broken record (not that wizards had records). He droned on and on about giant wars and goblin rebellions, and the slowness of his speaking gave Harry a major headache.

He decided to go to the bathroom, for that was at least a little more entertaining than listening to the dead professor. "Professor Binns?" he called, raising his hand. At first, the ghost didn't notice, but then he said it a little more urgently, and he looked up. "Can I go to the bathroom?"

Professor Binns gave him a bored look. "Alright, Potter. But be back quickly!"

The other students watched Harry wistfully as he got up out of his

chair and left the classroom, heading down the many winding halls of Hogwarts castle. It was quiet at the moment, except for the shrieks of excitement near the Quidditch pitch where the first-years were learning how to ride brooms, the occasional caw from the Forbidden Forest, and Peeves singing songs as he floated up and down the halls. But most of the students were inside classrooms, whether it was looking at tea leaves in Divination, uprooting Mandrakes in Herbology, or letting books sail across the rooms in Charms.

Harry sighed. He loved the feel of Hogwarts, and was more than happy to have discovered he was a wizard - he finally escaped the horrible custody of the Dursleys', and could do a lot more things with just a flick of his wand. Yes, magic was perfect, and he couldn't believe that he had been sheltered from it for so long.

As he made his way down the corridor, he heard voices up ahead. He then realized that it was Professor McGonagall talking to Headmaster Dumbledore, meaning that it must have been important, and also meaning that Harry had to listen in.

He crouched behind a statue, just close enough so he could overhear their words. Professor McGonagall, shockingly, sounded a bit frightened.

"He calls himself the Wizard of Oz," she was saying. "I don't know what or where 'Oz' is, but he has been said to have tremendous magical ability."

"And he has returned?" Dumbledore prompted, sounding calm, as always.

Professor McGonagall nodded. "I've been hearing rumours. If it is true, he could be a danger to the Hogwarts students."

"Well, I suppose we should wait, because we know that rumours are often said to be not true. And if they are, we don't know where this Wizard of Oz is. But if he is a threat to Hogwarts or any of my students, we shall be sure to stop him."

Professor McGonagall nodded. "I just wanted to alert you, Albus."

"Thank you, Minerva. I will keep track."

And the two continued past Harry, leaving the young wizard boy confused. The Wizard of Oz. Hadn't that been a Muggle fairy tale? Sure, it was about a wizard, but surely it couldn't have been true.

Unlessâ€¦ if wizards were real, why couldn't fairy tales be? They often involved magic, and that was very much real. They could be based off of true stories, and perhaps retold until they seemed untrue.

But the Wizard of Oz, if he were true, where could he be? And would he attack Hogwarts?

Harry supposed that he shouldn't worry about this, for Professor McGonagall and Headmaster Dumbledore were calm at the moment. But stillâ€¦ Harry got that curious feeling, one that he got many times

before. He would have to tell his friends and look into thisâ€¦

And perhaps get wound up in another mad adventure.

**Hello, everyone! I'm writing again. This Harry Potter and Once Upon a Time crossover has been something that I've wanted to do for a long time, and I decided to start it now. I love both of these fandoms, though I'm not currently caught up on the Season 5 Once Upon a Time episodes. However, that shouldn't affect this story. **

This story is about the ** _real **_Wizard of Oz, because I feel that's one fairy tale that could connect to Harry Potter really well. Plus, in Once Upon a Time, wasn't the Wizard of Oz supposed to have a lot of magical power? And then it ended up being that man Walsh? So, where is the real Wizard of Oz, I ask you, and what if he turned out evil? **

**Harry's got to look into this. **

**So get ready for more action, adventure, and of course magic, for a new story by me, Key of Magic. **

**P.S. I might change the title name, I'll see. **

2. Chapter 2

**Chapter 2 - Through the Portal **

The Gryffindor common room was as noisy as ever, with students doing their homework, talking about the next Quidditch match, or laughing by the fireplace with their friends. Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat close to each other near the back of the room, as Harry had told his friends that he would tell them what he had heard Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall talking about.

"What is it?" Hermione whispered, leaning in.

"I don't even know whether we should be secretive or not," Harry whispered back. "It seems a bitâ€¦ well, strange."

"Everything is strange in the wizarding world, Harry," Hermione replied. She could say that, after all, since she was Muggleborn. However, Ron gave her a look as if to say, What are you talking about? Nothing's weird at all.

Harry had to agree with Hermione, but he told them that this was stranger than usual. "It doesn't exactly have to do with Hogwarts or anythingâ€¦" he said, then started his story.

Hermione raised her eyebrows, then frowned, then raised her eyebrows again. Ron looked downright confused, and a little bit frightened. "The Wizard of Oz?" he asked once Harry was finished. "Who's that?"

"Isn't he from a Muggle fairy tale?" Hermione questioned. That was what Harry had been thinking, too. He nodded.

"Really?" Ron asked. Then he grunted. "Funny how there are so many fairy tales that involve wizardsâ€¦"

"But then it can't be true," Hermione said. "Maybe Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall just heard something about it, and thought it was!"

"Hermione," Harry replied. "If wizards and witches exist, if magic exists, then why can't it be true? In fact, it might have been based off of a real story." He turned to Ron. "You obviously haven't heard of him."

Ron shook his head, and Hermione rolled her eyes. "Then again," she said, "Ron doesn't know much about magical history."

"Hey!" Ron complained.

"Have you seen him in any of the books you've read?" Harry asked Hermione. "Other than the Muggle ones?"

Hermione shook her head. "But there's only one place to do more research." Her face seemed to light up and her eyes widened with awe when she said, "The library!"

Ron groaned. "Have fun, Hermione, but I'm not -"

"Oh, you're coming with me! Both of you are! Just think - another project for us, another adventure."

"We seem to have a lot of those," Ron muttered.

Hermione smiled. "All the better, I suppose. Come on now." And she dashed out of the common room, the portrait hole's tapestry flapping behind her. Harry and Ron exchanged looks, shrugged, and decided to follow her.

* * *

><p>The library at Hogwarts was grand, filled with endless shelves holding books of extensive magical history. There were a couple students here, getting books for their projects, but Hermione seemed to be the only one who came here for fun. She skipped along to one of the shelves and started to file through, trying to find something about the Wizard of Oz.</p>

Harry and Ron started looking, too, and after about half an hour of going through book after book, they didn't find anything. "I wish they had Muggle stories here," Hermione said. "I think the original story would be our best clue."

"Why would they?" Ron grumbled, obviously bored. "This is Hogwarts, after all."

"Yes, thank you, Ron. I didn't know that before."

They looked for about half an hour longer, until the students looking for books left and the sun started to sink through the huge glass windows framing the library. The librarian, haughty Madam Pince, started to glare at them, but Hermione didn't seem finished.

Harry was just about to suggest giving up when he came across something most unusual, a leather-bound book embroidered with golden

letters that read, Once Upon a Time. He knew that phrase was how most fairy tales started, but he doubted it was the same in the wizarding worldâ€|

He picked up the book and found that it was quite heavy. "Look, you two," he told his friends, and Ron and Hermione came over, their faces scrunched up in confusion. "I wonder what this is doing hereâ€|?"

Harry opened the book, but barely had time to scan the pages before they lit up with an bright white light. The young wizard was about to drop it but it all happened so fast - in the next moment he was being sucked through, felt a tingling sensation through his limbs, a soft thump, and then he was on the ground.

Disoriented with his glasses askew, Harry felt the space underneath him. He found out that it was in fact concrete, meaning that he might have been on a street, but before he had time to wonder he found his glasses and put them on, then looked up.

It looked like an ordinary street, with shops lining either side and the occasional lamp post or mailbox here and there. But since it wasn't very skinny or curvy, it seemed like it was occupied by Muggles.

But why, Harry wondered, as his friends silently gazed around at their surroundings, would a book at Hogwarts take them to a regular Muggle street? Unless, said a voice in his head, this place isn't ordinary.

Hermione seemed to be wondering the same thing, because she asked, "What happened? Why are we here? What is this place?"

"I don't know," Harry replied, getting to his feet and dusting off his robes. "Suppose we'll have to look around."

"It looks like a regular Muggle street to me," Ron observed. "Then why would that book send us here? What was that book?"

"It was labeled 'Once Upon a Time', " explained Harry. "It might have been a book about fairy talesâ€|"

"Regular fairy tales?" Hermione questioned.

Harry sighed. "I really don't know. I think we should take a look around."

Ron got to his feet, too. "Knowing our luck, there will probably be dangers ahead."

"Probably. But we've been through a lot, haven't we?"

**So, yeah. Is it good? I decided to put names for the chapters, too, I don't know why, but it seemed like a good idea. **

**Hope you enjoy! And always, read and review! - Key **

**Chapter 3 - Welcome to Storybrooke **

The buildings loomed over Harry and his friends as they walked down the street, looking around tentatively. There was nothing strange about this place, nothing that seemed exceptionally out of the ordinary, but the eerie silence gave Harry goosebumps. Where was everyone? It was only late evening, surely they didn't go to sleep this early.

But Harry reminded himself that it only had been a couple of minutes since he, Ron and Hermione had ended up here, and he was right - soon activity started to pour out through the sidewalks and alleys. Adults held on to their children as they made their way to shops and old couples talked on benches. They all waved at each other and Harry thought that this town was small enough for everyone to know everyone. They all seemed so content, he wondered why in the world that book would send them here.

That bookâ€| it was so strange, and not wizardly strange, but strange in a different way. It didn't belong at Hogwartsâ€| or did it? Had it appeared there for a reason, so that Harry, Ron, and Hermione could find it?

After all, they were the ones who always got into trouble.

Harry backtracked in his brain - this had all started when he had overheard Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall talking about the Wizard of Oz. Did the book have to do with that story? Or had it been a coincidence that they were lead to the library because of it? There were so many questions that Harry's head ached just trying to answer one.

He decided that he should focus on what was going on right then; helping his friends and figuring out what in Merlin's beard was going on. "This seems like a nice town," Hermione suddenly said, looking around at all the people.

Harry nodded. "And I'm pretty sure everyone's a Muggle."

"What did you say?" said a voice, and Harry turned, startled - he found an older man with messy red hair and round glasses, walking a Dalmatian, staring at him.

"Umâ€| nothing," Harry answered.

The man squinted. "How did you get here?" He sounded deeply concerned, though his tone wasn't rude.

"Uhâ€|" Harry didn't think that he should tell this man about the portal, since it was pretty hard to explain to Muggles about magic. Luckily, Hermione came to his rescue.

"We're traveling," she explained, "and decided to stop here. Charming little town. What's it called?"

"Storybrooke," the man answered. After a moment of seeming to decide what to do, he straightened and smiled. "Pardon my manners. I'm Archie Hopper, and this is my dog, Pongo. What are your names?"

The young wizards introduced themselves.

"Wonderful," replied Archie. "I will show you around town while I take you to the Sheriff's office. She can help you if you need anything."

"Ohâ€| alright," agreed Ron.

Archie turned and continued down the street, the Hogwarts students trailing in his wake. Harry took the time to look around at everything again, and this time it was explained by the man with the dog. The clocktower, the library underneath it, the ice cream shop, the pawn shop, and many other shops. Hermione seemed genuinely interested, while Ron still looked confused, and Harry couldn't blame him.

Finally, they reached the Sheriff's office. Inside was a room with a desk and two cells on the back wall. Luckily, they were empty. At the desk, writing down something, was a woman with long blonde hair, prominent cheekbones, and vivid green eyes. She looked up when Archie, Harry, Ron and Hermione came in.

"Hello, Archie," she said, looking from the man who she obviously already knew to the young wizards. "Who did you bring?"

"Good day, Emma," Archie greeted. "This is Harry, Hermione, and Ron. They were traveling, and decided to stop in Storybrooke."

Emma's eyes widened. "But no one can -"

Archie cleared his throat.

"I-I mean," she stammered, turning to the wizards, "it's lovely to have you here. Would you like toâ€| Um, are you hungry?"

Harry exchanged glances with his friends, but Hermione was obviously curious. "No one can what?" she prompted.

"Nothing," Emma lied. She ignored the eyebrow that Hermione was lifting. "Let's go to Granny's Diner."

And so, they followed Emma and Archie out of the Sheriff's station, and Harry told his friends to walk slowly so they could talk with each other. "There's something strange about this place," Hermione whispered. "Why does everyone seem so shocked that we came?"

"Maybe they rarely ever get visitors," Ron suggested, "because this place is in the middle of nowhere?"

"It's almost like they're hiding something," Hermione continued, rubbing her chin in thought, "or something big has yet to happen. I mean, there is a reason that book sent us here, isn't there?"

"Unless it was just haywire magic," Ron offered.

Harry shook his head. "Hermione's right. It's always us three who end up in the confusing situations, and I feel like this one's important. I think it also connects to what Dumbledore and McGonagall were talking about."

"The Wizard of Oz?" Hermione and Ron both asked.

Harry nodded. "We'll find out more later. Right now, we just do what we're told to do, and try to pick up clues. It's not like the people here are a not nice or anything."

Even so, Harry kept his wand at the ready. He agreed there was something strange going on, perhaps why the book had sent him and his friends to Storybrooke. And strange often connected with danger.

4. Chapter 4

**Chapter 4 - The Voice in the Well **

Granny's Diner seemed to be everyone's favourite spot. It was noisy and bustling with activity, almost every bench filled. Waiters danced around the room, taking orders, and Harry could smell good food coming from the kitchen. His stomach growled, and he realized that he was pretty hungry. Going through portals must have sapped his food supply.

They sat down with Emma (Archie had left, to go attend to some things, he said) and she picked up the menu. While musing through it, she said, "So, how do you like our little town?"

"It's lovely," Hermione answered.

"Where were you traveling to before you came here?"

Harry's heart skipped a beat. They didn't know where in the world they could be. If they answered wrong, then Emma would know that they were lying, and that something was definitely up. But thankfully, they were saved from the answer, because someone came running through the door while waving a shovel through the air. He was a squat man with graying hair and lines on his face from frowning a lot. In fact, he reminded Harry of a dwarf.

"Hey! Hey!" he yelled, obviously in a panic. "Flash of light - edge of forest - strange magic -"

Harry's eyes widened. Did the dwarf man just say, 'magic'? He exchanged glances with Ron and Hermione, who both looked shocked. Maybe Harry and his friends had been wrong. Maybe magic did exist in this place.

Emma got to her feet, shot a half worried, half angry glare at the dwarf, then turned to Harry, Hermione, and Ron. "Sorry, we just -"

"Did you say, 'magic'?" Ron interrupted.

Emma twisted her lip. "Yes, I know it sounds -"

"Crazy?" Hermione continued. "Not at all. We come from a magical world."

"You do?" Emma's eyes were wide, and she frowned a little.

"Yes, we -"

"No time to explain!" yelled the dwarf man. "We have to go! Now!"

The three wizards nodded before following Emma and the dwarf (of whom was named Leroy) outside and to the edge of the forest that grew around Storybrooke. Residents of the town were on the street, pointing at the woods, looking surprised and scared. Apparently they had seen this flash of light, too.

Suddenly, a boy with brown hair wearing a red-and-gray scarf came out from one of the shops, followed by a man covered in leather and silver jewelry. Harry noticed that he had a hook for a hand.

"Mom!" the boy yelled at Emma. "Did you see -"

"Leroy just told me about it. We're heading there now."

"Uh, who are you with?" the man with the hook asked, waving (the hook) at Ron, Harry, and Hermione.

"Some friends who just came to Storybrooke," Emma told him. "But no time to explain." She quickly exchanged names before they continued running toward the woods.

Indeed, it looked like there had been a flash of light, or some sort of fire. The trees around were scorched, and Harry and his friends followed the path of blackened bark toward a well ingrained in the ground.

"It looks like the light came from here," Henry (the young boy) said, indicating the piles of ash around the well.

Slowly, the friends leaned over the well and looked down. All Harry could see was darkness, so he wondered where the light had come from, but then again, magic could be tricky. Ron looked like he was just about to say, "There's nothing here," when a voice rang out through the forest.

"So you've seen my warning," it hissed, low and metallic. "But that's only a taste of the magic that I can do. Besides, I didn't really do anything."

"What are you talking about?" Emma prompted.

"I am going to invade Storybrooke, Emma Swan. I'm giving you this warning because I thought it would be cheap if I just showed up. Now I'll actually give you time to prepare, so that I'm not facing people with no magical power."

"Who are you?" the pirate man with the hook, of whom was actually named Captain Hook, asked.

"I am The Wizard of Oz. I understand there have been people who have impersonated me before, but that's all they were. Impersonators. I am the real deal. I have extensive magical ability, and you cannot defeat me, no matter how hard you try."

"So why are you attacking Storybrooke?" Hermione said.

The voice chuckled, making Harry cringe. "So that you all understand how strong I am, and so that you all bow down before me. No more Evil Queen. No more Wicked Witch. I am your worst enemy, the greatest of all fairy tale characters, and I shall rule my subjects."

"We're not your subjects!" Emma yelled, but the voice had gone. She sighed, the redness draining from her face, but was still obviously angry. "Can Storybrooke ever have a break? Now we have to prevent the attack of some psychopath wizard!"

The way she said that made Harry understand how she felt. He had dealt with a psychopath wizard before, one that was so feared that magical folk wouldn't even speak his name. And he always wondered if he could ever have a break. It seemed that the people of Storybrooke also faced many enemies, of which they had defeated but kept coming back. And now they had to fight this Wizard of Oz.

So, Harry thought, This place really has to do with the Wizard of Oz. And fairy tale characters, too, it seemed. There was a magic here that he, Ron, and Hermione had yet to understand, but had to find out about. He also knew that the Once Upon a Time book had sent him and his friends here to help out. So, they definitely would.

**Sorry I haven't been updating for a while! I've just been busy. Plus, I started reading the newest book from one of my favourite series, so I wanted time for that. But don't worry, I haven't forgot about all of you! - Key **

5. Chapter 5

**Chapter 5 - The Not-So-Evil Queen **

"Isn't the Wizard of Oz a fairy tale character?" Hermione asked.

Emma and her friends turned their attention to Harry, Hermione, and Ron, biting their lips. "Yes," she said. "But we're all fairy tale characters here."

Hermione's eyes widened and her mouth opened a little.

"You must recognize Captain Hook and Grumpy the Dwarf," Emma continued, pointing at the leather clad man and then Leroy. "And me? I'm the daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming."

"Really?" Harry and Hermione asked. Ron looked thoroughly confused.

"Right. Er... we're wizards," he said.

It was the Storybrooke residents' turn to be surprised.

"I've met wizards before," said Hook, "but never this young."

"Well, we're still training, you could say," Harry explained. "We attend a school called Hogwarts."

"But how did you get here?" Henry prompted.

"Let me guess - you weren't just passing by," Emma added.

Hermione nodded. "We were in the library at Hogwarts, when we found a leather-bound book labeled 'Once Upon a Time.' It opened and, well, sucked us through."

Henry's eyes widened. "Did you say, a leather-bound book labeled 'Once Upon a Time'? Were the letters gold?"

"Yes."

"I have one just like that," Henry gasped. He looked at his mother. "What do you think this means, Mom?"

Emma shook her head. "Everything is really jumbled right now. We still have to figure out why that book sent the three of you here, anyway."

"It was probably to help stop the Wizard of Oz." Harry explained what he had heard Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall talking about, and how he, Ron, and Hermione had tried to find out more, thus resulting in getting sent here. "I mean, we've battled wizards before. This is sort of our thing."

"Well, then, first things first," Hook said. "We must get the town ready for battle."

Emma nodded. "Hook, you get on that. I'll go tell Regina what's going on."

"Who's Regina?" Hermione asked as Harry, Ron, and Henry followed Emma back down the forest path and then down the street after Hook and Leroy went another way.

"She's the mayor of this town," Emma explained. "And, once, the Evil Queen."

Ron blanched. "Doesn't that mean she's evil?"

Emma smiled. "No, Regina is good now. Don't worry."

"She's also my adoptive mother," Henry added. When Hermione frowned in confusion, he said, "Long story."

They went down a couple more streets until they reached a mansion at the end of the block. It had beautifully decorated front gardens, swirling pillars around the doorway, and a shining gate to let people in. Emma led her friends up the path, then rang the doorbell.

"Regina?" she called. "It's me."

While they waited for the former Evil Queen to answer the door, Hermione leaned toward Harry and whispered, "Guess they still use Muggle technology here."

"It's an interesting town," he whispered back. "Both Muggles and magic, it seems."

"But they aren't Muggles," Ron joined in. "They just look like Muggles."

Harry and Hermione agreed before the door opened.

Standing in the doorway was a woman with sleek shoulder-length black hair and brown eyes. They had lines under them, as if there was a lot of strain being the mayor. But nevertheless, she smiled, showing off her red lipstick and perfectly white teeth. "Hello, Henry, Emma. Who are these newcomers?"

"We'll explain when we get inside," Emma replied. "There's a lot to explain, actually."

Regina led them through the fancily decorated halls to her kitchen, leaning against the counter, of which held a bowl of pure red apples. Harry wondered if they were poisonous, because he remembered in the old fairy tale that the Evil Queen had given Snow White a poison apple. If Emma was Snow White's daughter, he also wondered how she and Regina got along. But just then, his attention was taken by Regina, who looked at him, Ron, and Hermione with raised eyebrows.

"You're wizards?" she asked. "At that age?"

"We're still learning magic, yes," Hermione explained.

"Just out of curiosity, could you show me some of your magic?"

Hermione reached into her pocket and pulled out her wand. Regina and Emma frowned, as if they weren't used to wands. Hermione pointed it at an apple, yelled, "Engorgio!" and the apple grew five times its size, so that it almost took up the whole counter.

"Nice," Regina said. "But let me show you my way."

She raised her hands and multicoloured wisps of smoke started to gather in them. She pointed the wisps at the apple, and it turned purple.

Hermione frowned. "You don't use a wand?"

Regina shook her head. "Magic that Emma and I use, that we all know, comes from the head. You simply think about what you want to do, and it'll happen. The stronger the witch or wizard, the easier it is to make that connection."

"Interesting," Hermione muttered.

There was a moment of silence while everyone seemed to think through the comparisons of magic, until Emma spoke up, "Well, we should hurry. The Wizard of Oz is going to attack Storybrooke soon."

Regina nodded grimly. "Right. I'll tell everyone to go home and stay sheltered, while you, me, and the other magic users wait for the Wizard."

"What about me?" Henry asked.

"Henry, dear," Regina said, placing her hands on the boy's cheeks, "We don't know how strong this Wizard of Oz is -"

"But I've helped before," Henry pleaded.

Regina and Emma exchanged looks, and then Emma nodded. "Alright. I suppose Harry, Ron, and Hermione will want to help, too?"

Harry nodded. "I think it's what we're here for."

"Well, then," Regina said. "We should get a move on. I'll meet you in front of the clock tower in ten minutes."

**Alright, so a lot of you were asking what season this takes place in in Once Upon a Time, and how old Harry, Ron, and Hermione are. Well, as for the season, I'd say it's about 3 or 4, after Regina turned nice. As for what Harry Potter book, I'd say the three wizards are about fifteen, so around the Order of the Phoenix or Half-Blood Prince. **

**Once again, thank you to my readers and reviewers! - Key **

6. Chapter 6

**Chapter 6 - Magical Mishaps **

It seemed the clock tower was right in the center of town, and it had a cozy little library underneath it. Hermione seemed interested, until Emma told her that the library once held a fire-breathing dragon and other various monsters underneath it. She was pale for a second, but Harry knew Hermione too well - she was a brave Gryffindor, after all, and had faced many destructive magical creatures before. However, there was little time to search in the many shelves of books, for the Wizard of Oz was close to coming.

"How do you think he'll attack?" Ron asked.

"He'll probably blast a couple of buildings," Emma replied darkly. "The villains always start that way, don't they? But I'll be ready."

"You have magic, too?" Hermione asked.

Emma nodded. "I inherited it, though my parents didn't."

"Speaking of which, where are your parents?"

"Right there." Emma pointed to a woman with a pixie cut of black hair, pale skin, red lips, and warm green eyes. Harry guessed this must be the famous Snow White. Next to her stood a handsome, muscular man with light brown hair and dark eyes, whom must have been her husband, Prince Charming.

"Hello, Emma," Snow White greeted her daughter. "I heard the news. These three must be Harry, Hermione, and Ron?" She turned to the wizards.

Harry nodded. "Hello. You must be Snow White?"

"Yes, well, my name is Storybrooke was originally Mary Margaret, but you can call me Snow. And this is my husband, Prince David."

"Wait, what do you mean, 'originally Mary Margaret'?" Hermione wondered.

"Well, you see, the town of Storybrooke once held a curse, of which discarded everyone's memories, resulting in them forgetting who they truly were, including myself and my husband. This curse had been going on for years until my daughter, Emma, and the saviour of Storybrooke, broke it."

"But it was also thanks to Henry, who brought me here in the first place," Emma replied, smiling down at her son.

"Who cast the curse?" asked Ron.

Snow White's face darkened and she licked her lips. "Regina, the Evil Queen. Before she turned nice, that is."

Harry wondered what else Regina might have done before she 'turned nice.' He also wondered how someone so evil could turn nice. He supposed that it had taken a lot of time and effort, and perhaps support from Emma and the other residents of Storybrooke.

"So, the Wizard of Oz, you say?" asked Prince David. "Haven't we dealt with him before?"

"Yes, but Walsh was not the real wizard, it seems," Emma told her father. "The real Wizard of Oz holds a lot more power, and apparently he was known in their world, too." Emma pointed to Harry and his friends.

Harry nodded. "I heard the headmaster of the school I attend, of whom is also a very powerful wizard, talking about him with another teacher. They said that they didn't know where he was, and wouldn't do anything until he attacked Hogwarts."

"Well, then, we'll have to stop him before he does," said Henry.

Hermione nodded. "I think the book sent us here for that reason."

"The book?" Snow White questioned.

They explained to her what they were talking about, and her eyes widened.

"I gave Henry that book. Do you still have your copy, Henry?"

Henry nodded. "It seems like the one they found was just a replica."

"That book is strange," Emma agreed.

Just then, something shook the earth. Well, Harry pretty much knew what it was, and who was behind it - a ball of green fire crashed

into one of the buildings.

"The time has come, Storybrooke," boomed a voice in the sky, that came from nowhere in particular. "Your fate is decided."

"You're all talk, Wizard of Oz," Emma shouted, raising her hands. "Show yourself!"

And they ran down the street, running into Regina and Hook along the way. "Where's the voice coming from?" Hook shouted, but everyone shrugged in reply.

"There's no way you can tell for sure," Regina explained. "He's projecting his voice with magic, so he could be anywhere in the city."

"Well, where would be a good place to use that spell?" asked Hermione.

"Maybe on a hilltop?" Henry suggested.

"Unless he wanted to hide in the woods," David added.

Emma dodged a fireball, of which were now raining from the sky, lighting and heating up the town. "Well, we've got to figure it out soon, let alone how to defeat him -"

"I think we all know one place we should go," Snow White said.

Her comrades looked grim.

"Who?" Harry, Ron, and Hermione prompted, confused.

"To someone who'll most likely be able to help us," Regina told them, "but also at times can be pretty annoying."

"Come on," Emma said. "To Mr. Gold's Pawn Shop we go."

**Hope you enjoyed! I'm also not 100% sure what I should call the Charmings, like Mary Margaret or Snow White or Prince Charming or David? And is Prince Charming's real name even David? Please review to tell me what you think. **

**Yes, Rumpelstiltskin is going to be in the next chapter, so get ready for our favourite gold-spinning dealmaker. Harry, Hermione, and Ron sure are going to find him interesting! **

7. Chapter 7

**Chapter 7 - Mr. Gold **

Harry wondered who this Mr. Gold could be as he and his friends (most of them new) dashed down the street. Along the way they met Captain Hook, who grudgingly joined the group, even after Emma told him that they were going to see Mr. Gold. "I hate that man," Hook muttered.

After that, Harry also wondered what Mr. Gold had done to Hook. He guessed that there was some hidden bad blood in this town, but

decided not to ask for elaboration on it. They soon reached the pawn shop, of which was labeled on a wooden sign above the door, and seemed perfectly peaceful amidst a storm of green fireballs. Emma opened the door and they went inside.

Harry's eyes immediately widened. This pawn shop was full of just about everything - from cups, plates, and jewelry to cloaks, canes, and chessboards, all covered in intricate designs. It all had a unique, strange feeling to it, as if different kinds of magic was piled together in one room. Harry thought that perhaps it was.

A man suddenly emerged from the beaded curtain behind the cash register - he was obviously very old, with scraggly, shoulder-length hair, a hooked nose that reminded Harry more than a little of Severus Snape's, and crinkled eyes. However, this man didn't seem kind (also like Snape) and had the same aura as the objects in his shop - tremendous magical power hidden under a good impression.

"Hello, Gold," Emma said, her voice clipped. "You may have noticed the chaotic magical storm outside?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Gold. "Quite unexpected, wasn't it?"

"We're being attacked by the Wizard of Oz," Regina told him.

Mr. Gold raised his eyebrows. "Is that so? Well, then, I guess you've come for my help."

"Unfortunately," muttered Hook.

"But first, may I ask, who are these three lovely young people?"

Harry introduced himself, Ron, and Hermione.

"And how did you get here?"

"A magic portal," replied Hermione. "But, sir, there's not a lot of time to explain -"

"Hmm, I suppose you're right." Mr. Gold eyed Hermione, Harry, and Ron for a moment, then continued. "As for defeating the Wizard of Oz, you need to find him, yes?"

The others nodded.

"We can't use a locator spell," said Regina, "because we don't have anything that belongs to the wizard."

"Ah, yes, but I've got something else that might work." From behind the counter, Mr. Gold produced a crystal ball, with purple patterns swirling inside of it. Harry remembered this object from Divination with Professor Trelawney, but he was pretty sure it was used to see the future, and he wasn't sure that seeing the future would help them right then.

"This is from Oz itself," explained Mr. Gold. "Got it from the Mad Hatter."

Harry frowned. "Why would the Mad Hatter go to Oz?"

"Don't ask," Emma told him. "In our world, all of the fairy tales are mixed up."

"Anyway," continued the pawnbroker, "This crystal ball can not only see in the future, but also the past and the present. If we use the correct spell, we can see where the Wizard of Oz is."

"And where do we get that spell?" asked Snow White.

"That," said Mr. Gold, "is what you have to do."

There was a moment of silence while everyone thought this through.

"You know Storybrooke better than I do," said Hermione, tapping her chin, "but would you be able to find a spell like that in the library?"

The library. The solution to all of Hermione's problems.

"Maybe," said Regina. "I guess that's the first place we should look. Alright, let's split up. Emma, Henry, you can come with me, Harry, Hermione, and Ron. The others can help defend Storybrooke and get everyone inside."

Everyone nodded. "When we have the spell, we'll come back here," Emma told Mr. Gold.

He nodded. "I'll be waiting."

They left the shop, Snow White, David, and Hook going in a different direction than Harry and his friends. Instead, that group headed back toward the clock tower, where the library sat underneath. There were still magic bolts of lightning raining down from the sky, so the six friends had to be careful, but Regina and Emma mostly had it under control, and Harry, Hermione, and Ron casted shield spells around themselves.

"I have a question," said Ron, holding his wand aloft. "What's Mr. Gold's real name?"

"Rumpelstiltskin," Regina, Emma, and Henry answered.

"Like, the man who spins straw into gold?" Hermione asked. Then she frowned. "I can't remember if he's a villain or a hero."

"Oh, I don't think Gold knows either," Emma answered. "Sometimes he can be pretty reckless, and he's done some horrible things in the past."

"Then why do you ask for his help?" asked Harry.

"Because he's got magic that most of us don't know about or understand," explained Regina.

"He's actually my grandfather," murmured Henry.

"What?" asked Harry, Ron, and Hermione together.

"Yes," Emma said, clearing her throat. "Henry's father was Rumpelstiltskin's son."

"And -" Ron asked, then stopped himself. "Oh. Ohâ€œ I didn't meanâ€œ!"

"I'm so sorry," Hermione interrupted.

Emma sighed. "We all have to make sacrifices, don't we? That's part of life. Now, let's find that crystal ball spell."

Hermione's face lightened. "I love the library."

"It's her second home," Ron muttered, and they disappeared inside.

8. Chapter 8

**Chapter 8 - Secrets of the Library **

The Storybrooke library was truly nothing special, with a low ceiling, metal shelves, and dusty books. And as Harry looked at the covers, walking through the aisles after everyone went in different directions, he saw that they all looked like, well, Muggle stories.

"Are you sure there are spellbooks here?" he called, as another blast from outside shook the ground.

"We've found some helpful books here before," answered Regina, and Harry heard her books clack as she entered another room. "Here. This is where we usually look."

Harry followed her into a smaller room with a wooden bench set up at one side, and a U shape of shelves lined with books. Everyone continued to search, running their hands along the countless spines of books, until after about an hour, nobody had found anything.

Ron plopped down on the table and sighed. "These are all Muggle books."

"What?" asked Henry.

"Oh, um, 'Muggle' means someone without magic. Not that you lot don't have magic, but, you know, regular books made by regular people."

Emma nodded. "Looks like we're out of luckâ€œ!"

"Perhaps not," said Hermione, who was the only one not part of the conversation, but was crouching behind a bookshelf and looking at something. "Come here."

"What is it, Hermione?" Ron asked as Harry followed him to their friend.

"I found something," Hermione replied, running her fingers along the wall that she was looking at. "I think there's another room behind here."

"How can you tell?" questioned Henry.

"Just a moment." Hermione pulled out her wand and yelled, "Alohomora!" _

The wall began to glow and the outline of a door was soon visible, opening to, indeed, another room. "Nice!" exclaimed Emma.

"There was a crack in the ground and I sensed another room behind it," Hermione explained proudly. "Now, let's see what secrets it holds."

Harry was all for opening secret passageways and looking inside, so he had no problem stepping in and lighting his wand to lead the way. The room smelled musty, and he soon saw why - there was a layer of dust on just about everything. But the room itself was impressive, much more impressive than the other library.

It had a soaring ceiling aligned with gold and walls that held tapestries depicting different scenes of kings, queens, witches and wizards. Tall shelves aligned with thick books wove around the entire room, creating twisty and turny aisles holding many reads. But what caught Harry's eye was the sparkling chandelier hanging from the ceiling, interlocked with candles held by intricately carved fairies, elves, and sprites. They all looked up at the golden phoenix sitting at the top, of which seemed to wink at Harry.

"Wow," Hermione whispered, spinning in circles on the spot as she looked around the room, her mouth open. "Wow, wow, wow."

"Hermione's in heaven!" exclaimed Ron.

"I've never seen this place," breathed Regina, in awe herself. "And these are all spellbooks. The amount of magical knowledge it must hold!"

"Do you think it could have opened just for Harry, Hermione, and Ron?" asked Henry.

"It's possible," Emma answered. "I mean, I'm pretty sure we need them to defeat the Wizard of Oz, and in order to do that, we need to find that crystal ball spell."

"Which is sure to be here," said Harry, starting to look on one of the shelves. "Let's start searching."

It was a long time before they found the spell, but no one seemed bored - the library held so many secrets and mysteries that everyone was reading in spite in themselves (mostly Hermione). When they finally found the spell they needed, Harry thought that Storybrooke must have already been reduced to ashes.

"Here!" Henry called, pulling a thick book off his shelf. "The Many Uses of Crystal Balls!" _

"I always hated Divination," Hermione muttered.

"What's that?" Henry asked, frowning.

"Looking into the future. But we don't need that, since we're looking into the present, right?"

Regina nodded, who had started flipping through the book. "This is good. Come on, we better hurry."

They went through the grand doorway and back into the normal library, walking around the many shelves. Harry noticed that Hermione looked sad. "What's wrong? We found the book," he told her.

"Yes, but I didn't have enough time to explore everything else!" she complained.

Harry chuckled. "Don't worry, Hermione. After we defeat this Wizard of Oz, you'll have time."

She smiled at him, and they continued on.

But when they went outside, their mouths dropped.

The sky was black and buildings were crumbling, random fireballs shattering the earth here and there. But thankfully, everyone seemed to be inside, except for Prince David, Snow White, Hook, and two other people that Harry didn't recognize - a man in green with a bow and arrow and a girl with long dark hair wearing a red cape.

"Did you get it?" Snow White called through the storm when she spotted the group coming out from the library.

Emma nodded. "Let's get to Gold's shop, quick, and then we can find and stop this wizard!"

Snow White nodded in agreement, and led the way, ordering the others to stay behind and continue defending. "We just have to hope this will all work before Storybrooke is reduced to smithereens."

"Gold better do it right," Regina muttered.

And they ran down the street, heading once again to Rumpelstiltskin's shop.

9. Chapter 9

**Chapter 9 - The Wizard of Oz **

Rumpelstiltskin had to be the calmest person in all of Storybrooke. He was in his shop, flipping through a book while he waited behind his cash register, and only looked up when they came in, completely ignoring the raging magical storm outside. "Did you find the spell?" he asked.

"We believe so," Emma replied, setting the book in front of him. "Look, Gold, you've got to hurry, because Storybrooke is in serious danger -"

"I can see that."

"But if he'll do anything about it is the real question," Emma murmured to her mother.

Rumpelstiltskin put down his other book and looked through the new one, his eyes reading down the columns of spells before he found the right one. Then he reached under the counter and brought out the crystal ball once again, setting it in front of him, next to the book.

He raised his hands and muttered something under his breath while everyone else backed away. If this did go wrong, Harry didn't want to be reduced to ashes, much like the buildings outside. But Rumpelstiltskin seemed to know what he was doing - his hands soon began to glow and something formed inside the glass surface of the ball.

Harry slowly inched closer, wanting to get a better look. He saw what looked like the ocean, and a rubble-covered beach, with a man standing on it. The man had a long, gray beard, thick eyebrows, and a moustache that touched his chin. His hands were raised and he was obviously deep in concentration, performing spells. It must have been the Wizard of Oz, but rather he reminded Harry of an evil Dumbledore.

"So this is the real Wizard," Hermione murmured.

Emma grunted. "Looks hard to kill."

"We're not going to actually kill him, are we?" Harry asked.

Snow White shook her head. "That isn't the noble thing to do."

"I thought Prince Charming was the noble one," said Ron.

Snow White rolled her eyes but was smiling. "Princesses can be powerful, too, can't they? I learned that quickly, after escaping from an Evil Queen who wanted to kill me with huntsmen and poison apples."

Regina bit her lip, but didn't say anything.

"Anyway," Henry interrupted the tenseness, "The Wizard of Oz is at the beach. We've got to hurry!"

They made their way outside again, running down Main Street and trying to dodge fireballs, lightning bolts, and balls of exploding gas that destroyed everything in their path. When they reached the clock tower where the others were defending, they saw that they didn't have much luck without a magic user.

"It doesn't matter now," Regina called to them. "We're heading to the Wizard of Oz, who's at the beach. Come on!"

And so David, Hook, and the two people who Harry still didn't recognize (but later introduced themselves as Red and Robin Hood; Harry remembered their fairy tales) joined in. Together, they ran down a side street that led past a couple of warehouses and boats tethered to the harbour, until they hopped onto sand going right up to the water. They could see the Wizard of Oz clearly - he had his hands raised and seemed to be laughing maniacally, with sand, rocks, and magical energy swirling around him in a mini tornado.

"HEY!" Emma called to him.

The Wizard turned, momentarily distracted from his magic, allowing it to falter for a couple of seconds. "Why, you're here! What a pleasant surprise."

"Not a great choice of words, Ozzy. Can I call you that?"

"Very funny, Emma Swan. Always confident, aren't you?"

"She's not the only one," Hook growled, stepping forward with his hook in one hand and a sword in the other. "I'll shove my blade up your nose if I have to."

"My, my, such threats," replied the Wizard of Oz. "But the only people I'm really interested in is these three." He turned to Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

"Why?" Harry snapped. "Are you afraid of us?"

The Wizard of Oz laughed, a sound that made Harry's skin tingle. "Afraid! Where would you get an idea like that? Your magic is so meager, it's just a stick!"

"It's not the wand that carries the magic," Hermione explained, sounding angry and thoughtful at the same time. "It is only used to channel a wizard or witches' magical power."

"Are you giving me a lesson from Hogwarts?"

"So you do know about Hogwarts," said Harry. "Were you going to attack there?"

"Right after I dealt with this town, yes. They had some false thinking about the Wizard of Oz, so I had to straighten that out. And oh, it was on the way."

"So the book really must have sent us here to stop this wizard before he went to Hogwarts," Ron whispered so that only Harry and Hermione could hear.

"But I see," continued the wizard, "that three Hogwarts students are already here! How they got here, I'm not sure of, but no matter. Must have been a trick of Albus Dumbledore's, huh?"

"You know Dumbledore?" Ron asked incredulously.

"Why, yes, who doesn't? He is one of the world's most famous wizards. Strange man, he is, though. I suppose fame does that to you. Or maybe that's the reason why he's famous."

"He's famous because he's brave, clever, and has a lot of magic power," Harry retorted.

"All a hoax, I say! But you - dear Harry Potter - seem to like him very much. I don't see why. You're famous on your own! Why appreciate the competition?"

"I don't care about being famous. It's only because Voldemort killed my parents!"

There was a moment of silence while everyone registered Harry's words - his two best friends looking pitiful, the Storybrooke residents shocked and confused, and the Wizard of Oz grinning evilly.

"_Voldemort," he hissed, sounding rather like a snake. "He Who Must Not Be Named. The darkest wizard that everyone fears, isn't he? Pah. He's pathetic, compared to me, at least. Now, everyone shall tremble in fear before me - the Wizard of Oz - No, the Wizard of the World!"

"As if we're going to tremble," shot Regina. "That's normal villain-talk, isn't it?"

The Wizard of Oz turned toward her, looking sly. "As if you can't relate to villainy at all, Regina. You were the Evil Queen, and I actually had a fair amount of respect for you. But who are you now? How did goodness come into your heart? You still must have so much guilt inside of you, eating up everything, darkening your heart -"

"Enough!" shouted Robin Hood. "Regina is not evil anymore, and she won't turn evil again! I believe in her!" He turned and looked at her as if she was the most precious thing in the world, but Regina was rigid, her lips tight, eyes sunken. She didn't say anything.

"Enough talk," said David. "It's time you tremble in fear before us, Wizard of Oz."

Everyone nodded and took a step forward to emphasize this, but the Wizard of Oz just laughed. Harry actually had something inside of him - a mix of anger, grief, and determination - that was slowly coming up, ready to be unleashed. This man was obnoxious and cruel, and needed to be defeated. How dare he hurt Regina. How dare he think little of Dumbledore. How dare he acknowledge Harry's situation as if it was nothing at all.

He wasn't going to hurt the Hogwarts students, and Harry was going to make sure of that. He glanced at his friends, who nodded in encouragement.

"Don't you know," Snow White said, her eyes blazing, "that heroes always win?"

**Was that a good chapter? Did I do a good job with the Wizard of Oz? Hope you enjoyed, and there's still more to come, so stay tuned! - Key **

10. Chapter 10

**Chapter 10 - Red the Werewolf **

Emma raised her hands and shot a fireball at the Wizard of Oz. He easily deflected it, but Harry was just glad that he now had his mind off destroying the town, and was focusing on them instead. If Harry and his friends did go down, he would know that he helped protect Storybrooke for some time beforehand.

The other magic users joined in, shooting spells at the Wizard. He deflected them all, even when Hermione confidently shouted, "_Stupefy!" _It seemed like he could deflect their kind of magic as well.

Meanwhile, Hook, Snow White, David and Robin Hood fought with swords and arrows. Snow White was an exceptional archer, but not as good as Robin Hood, which went with his story. David and Hook were great at sword-fighting, crowding around the Wizard of Oz and trying to swipe at him, or at least cause a distraction so that the Wizard would forget to deflect a spell.

It was, Harry decided, going to go like this for a while. The Wizard of Oz may not be easy to defeat, but Emma, Regina, and the others weren't going to step down, either. They were powerful witches, shooting spells that simply came from their minds. Harry admired this kind of magic, for their enemy never knew what was going to come next. It was like using nonverbal spells, although that took a lot of time and concentration at Hogwarts before it could be mastered.

Henry and Red were at the side, looking from the battle to the sky. Henry had a sword in his hand, and was occasionally helping to fight, but Red had taken her red cloak off and was apparently waiting for something. When she looked at the sky again, Harry followed her gaze - it was getting darker, but nothing seemed special about the nightâ€|

"What are you looking at, Harry Potter?" the Wizard of Oz taunted from where he was still standing. "Bored? Sad? Do you give up?"

"Never," Harry growled, and he focused on the fray once again, shooting more spells and curses.

"Well, _I'm_ bored," complained the Wizard. "Honestly, this is never going to work -"

"Shut up!" Ron yelled, and cast a perfect silencing spell on the Wizard of Oz, which actually hit him. The Wizard opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out, which made him stomp in frustration.

Harry didn't even have time to congratulate Ron before he heard a howl. It was a nerve-racking sound that made Harry's spine tingle, because he had heard it before. It wasn't the howl of a dog but of a werewolf. When he looked up, he saw that the sky was a deep shade of blue and the full moon started to peek through the clouds. But who here was a werewolf?

He scanned his friends, who didn't seem too surprised that someone had just transformed into a werewolf, and finally spotted the black mass next to Henry. That meant it was Red. And that was why she had been waiting!

As Harry stared, he realized that she was both beautiful and terrifying, with a slender build covered in thick black fur, and two slanted green eyes that were exactly like Red's. The werewolf looked back at him, growling, but didn't try to attack - instead she turned and ran to the Wizard of Oz.

"Whoa," Ron breathed, obviously shocked as well. "She's aâ€¦ we should tell Lupin."

"They're everywhere, Ron," Hermione replied, though it was even hard for her to sound unsurprised.

"She seems controlled," Harry told his friends. "I mean, she looked me straight in the eye and didn't attack."

"Interesting," Hermione murmured.

They turned their focus back to the battle, but it was quieter as everyone watched Red approach the Wizard of Oz. Harry noticed that he was a little pale.

"Hello, nice doggie," he said, his voice shaking ever so slightly, and speaking real words since the babbling spell had weared off.

"You're a pretty wolf, aren't you? Gosh, I never even knew Storybrooke had werewolves! And to think it was Redâ€¦ well, I suppose she's a good fitâ€¦"

Red just growled.

"You want a treat?"

"That's meat, you fool," shouted Hook. "She wants you."

The Wizard of Oz raised his hand and shot a spell at Red, who easily dodged it. However, she wasn't so quick the second time - it hit her hindquarter and she howled in agony. But this also made her more angry, and she fixed her glowing eyes on the Wizard of Oz before charging.

"Whooaaa!" he yelled before she toppled him, who didn't have enough time for a deflection spell. She ripped at his face, her claws sharp, but only gave him cuts and didn't kill him completely. It also made him cower in fear.

Emma approached the two with something in her hand, which Harry realized was Red's cloak. Slowly and carefully, she threw it over the werewolf, covering her from head to toe. The Wizard of Oz stopped screaming and looked up with wide eyes, but when Red emerged from the cloak, she was once again human.

"How did I do?" she asked.

"Perfect!" Snow White replied. "We've got him."

"No, you don't!" replied the Wizard of Oz, getting ready to perform another spell, but David and Hook stopped him, holding his hands firmly to the ground.

"That's enough, you dolt," Regina told him, raising her own hands. In the next moment, ropes encased the Wizard's body and Hermione performed a silencing charm, so the Wizard was trussed up and quiet.

"I'm glad that's over," said Hook. "Where do we take him?"

"To the Sheriff's office, right, Mom?" Henry asked his mother.

She nodded. "I want to thank you all for your help. We saved Storybrooke yet again!"

They celebrated as they dragged the wizard up the beach and through the winding streets, but Harry couldn't help feeling that it wasn't all over. He, Ron, and Hermione had helped, but they hadn't done anything special. Even though Red had been truly amazing, wasn't that why they had come here? Or had they been wrong?

They also had to find a way home, if things were really over. Harry didn't know how long that would take, but he told it to his friends, who nodded in agreement. They wouldn't be leaving Storybrooke just yet.

**The next chapter is called, 'It's Not Over Yet' by the way, so you can have your predictions! **

**P.S. Did you like Red's werewolf fighting skills? Red is one of my favourite characters in Once Upon a Time, so I sort of dedicated this chapter to her. I hope you all enjoyed! **

**And as always, please read and review! Your words are appreciated!
- Key**

11. Chapter 11

Chapter 11 - It's Not Over Yet

It wasn't long before they were staring at the grumbling Wizard of Oz behind his cell. Regina had removed the ropes but put a protection spell around the cell, so the Wizard couldn't try any magic. The silencing charm was also wearing off, but if the Wizard got annoying, Hermione was ready to perform it again.

"So you won," he grunted. "Good for you."

"You should have never underestimated us," Robin Hood told him.

"I suppose you have strength in numbers."

"And werewolves," Ron said, turning to Red. "You were really great!"

Red smiled. "Thank you."

"But how can you control what you do as a werewolf?" Hermione asked her.

"It took me a while, and I did hurt some people in the process. But now I've got pretty much full control. The power of the wolf does run in my family, after all."

"So you weren't bitten?" asked Harry.

Red shook her head. "My mother was a werewolf, and she wanted me to join her pack, but I declined because she was too reckless. And then sheâ€¦ well, it's kind of a long story."

Harry accepted that. However, he did want this girl to meet his friend and former professor at Hogwarts, Remus Lupin, who had been bitten by a werewolf and had lived with the burden for years. They could probably relate.

"Anyway," said Ron, "we need to get home. Any ideas?"

"Yes," Hermione answered.

Ron rolled his eyes. "Of course."

"You want to hear it or not?"

"Yes, I do!"

"We came here through that book," continued Hermione, "and Henry said that he had another copy of it, so that must be our way out."

Henry nodded. "It's worth a try. It's in Regina's house. I'll get it."

"I'll come with you, Henry," said Regina.

"Are you looking for this?" asked a voice, and Harry realized it was the Wizard of Oz who was talking.

Everyone turned to him, and he held something up.

Harry's eyes widened and Hermione gasped. It was the leather-bound book labeled Once Upon a Time in gold letters, and apparently their ticket out of Storybrooke.

"How did you get that?" Emma asked.

The Wizard chuckled. "It was what I was going for the entire time. I simply used the magical storm as a distraction, and when you found me, I had already gotten the book."

The room was silent while everyone thought this through.

"What?" asked the Wizard. "It wasn't hard breaking into the mayor's house and stealing it. A couple easy spells."

"Howâ€|" Regina sighed. "I suppose I should have guarded it better."

"Well, it's here now," said David. "We just have to get it out of the Wizard's hands." He approached the cell and raised his sword. "Hand it over or you're going to turn into a shish kebab."

Harry didn't know what a shish kebab was, but he agreed with David for handing the book over. They needed it. It was perhaps their only way home!

And, Harry realized, he had been right. Something had come up. It wasn't over yet.

He stepped forward and raised his wand. "Give it to David. Now."

—

"And if I don't, you'll be stuck here forever."

"What are you going to lose?" shot Ron.

"Yes, why do you need the book?" asked Hook.

"Well, isn't it obvious?" asked the Wizard of Oz. When everyone frowned at him, he said, "to change the story of the Wizard of Oz of course! Get rid of that old fake and replace him with me, the real Wizard, the real king of -"

"Oh, be quiet," Hermione snapped. "We've already established that you aren't going anywhere."

"Ah, but you're wrong, dear girl," hissed the Wizard. "Don't you see? This is what I was going for the entire time, this is what I really need."

"What are you -" started Regina, but in the next second, the Wizard of Oz had opened the book, and disappeared inside.

Everyone's mouth dropped.

"Where did he go?" Emma yelled.

Henry slowly approached the book and looked at the open page. "This shows Oz. I guess he's going there to reclaim his throne."

"Unless he's at Hogwarts," Hermione said worriedly.

Regina shook her head. "I'd guess he'd go to Oz first. That was probably why he wanted the book from the beginning. He didn't know that this book could take him to Hogwarts, after all."

"Well, we have to go after him," said Ron.

"Who's going?" asked Hermione.

"Well, we three should go," Harry spoke up, pointing to him and his two friends.

Emma nodded. "And me, Regina, and Henry."

"You can't forget us," said Snow White, pointing to herself and David.

"And me," said Hook.

"Well, look at that, the squad is back together," said Emma. "Red, Robin Hood, you wouldn't mind staying behind to take care of Storybrooke, would you?"

They shook their heads. "Good luck," said Red.

"Well, then, it's adventure time," Emma replied, stepping toward the book.

"Let's make this quick," muttered Regina.

Harry, Hermione, and Ron looked at each other. "Looks like it isn't over yet," Harry told his friends.

Ron shrugged. "Nothing's ever over for us, is it?"

"Well, at least we'll have a good story to tell when we go back to Hogwarts, won't we?"

Harry smiled. "Come on."

Together, they went up to the book. Everyone each took a breath, before they leaned forward. The portal began to glow, indicating for them to step inside. And then, one by one, they were tumbling through a swirl of sparkles until they landed on hard-packed ground.

Harry looked down. It was a yellow brick road.

"Here we are," announced Emma. "Oz."

Plot twist, huh? Look's like this story's going on even longer than **_I**_ **expected. What do you think is going to happen next? Please review your predictions! - Key **

12. Chapter 12

**Chapter 12 - Follow the Yellow Brick Road **

"So, how do we know where the Wizard of Oz is?" asked Hermione.

"Well, you know what they say," Emma replied, glancing down. "Follow the yellow brick lane."

"And so our adventure begins," grumbled Ron, getting to his feet as he started down the lane.

The others trudged after him, and soon they were on a roll, marching down the yellow brick road as they looked around at the scenery. Green trees flanked the path and stretched out in farther directions, matching the colour of the sky - black. Further up, Harry could see green, skinny buildings as well as skylights, indicating the city. The Wizard must have been there.

The yellow brick road snaked around here and there, but was the straightest path to the city - Harry could see why Dorothy would follow it. _He _kind of felt like Dorothy then, which was a disturbing thought.

"I wonder who we'll meet," muttered Regina.

"Flying monkeys?" suggested Emma.

"Oh, I remember those," added Hook.

"In the fairy tale, there was a tin can and a lion, wasn't there?" asked Hermione.

Henry nodded. "I don't know if we'll meet them, but I kind of want to make this trip as quick as possible."

Emma agreed with her son. "Oz has a bad reputation."

Regina had a grim look on her face when she said, "Considering we know someone highly bothersome who is from here."

"Who's that?" Hermione asked, but she got her answer in seconds - someone suddenly stepped out of the shadows of the trees and onto the road.

"Hello." It was a woman's voice, and it sounded sly, edgy.

Regina froze. "Is that who I think it is?"

"Why, yes, it probably is." The woman stepped out of the shadows, revealing her green skin, orange hair, and even brighter green eyes. She wore a pointed witch's hat and long black robes, and smiled, showing her perfectly white teeth.

"_Zelena," _Regina hissed.

"Long time no see, sister. How are you?"

"Much worse now. But what are you doing here?"

"Oz is my home, dear sister! Why wouldn't I come back here?"

Snow White frowned. "No, there's more to it than that. You're here because the Wizard of Oz is here, right?"

Zelena twirled her orange hair. "Maybe."

"And you're working for him?"

"Well, I suppose it _is _something to brag about, now that he's about to take over the world."

"He's not," snapped Harry. "We're going to stop him."

Zelena turned to him, those intense green eyes focusing. "And who are you?"

"I'm Harry. And these are my friends, Ron and Hermione. We're not from here, but if we don't stop the Wizard, he's going to attack our school."

Zelena snorted. "Well, yes, he's going to attack the whole world, darling."

"You're Regina's sister?" Hermione asked, narrowing her eyes. "You're much different."

"Half-sister, to be exact. But we've got a complicated history."

Regina turned to Hermione. "She tried to take over Storybrooke once."

Zelena puckered her lips. "That's true. I had evil motives."

"And you still do," hissed Hook.

David nodded. "Get out of our way."

Zelena put a hand to her chest, pretending to be offended. "How rude! And I thought you were Prince Charming. Well, perfect for your snotty little wife, I suppose."

David lunged forward, but Emma stopped him. "Zelena, we're giving you five seconds to move out of the way, or we'll incinerate you. Fiveâ€!"

"Oh, come now. Surely you'll need my help."

"Ha! As if!" Hook began, but Emma asked what she could offer.

"Well, I could lead you to the Wizard of Oz," Zelena said. "I could get you past the guards, into his courtâ€!"

Harry and his friends exchanged glances. They obviously didn't trust this woman, and though Harry didn't know exactly what had happened, he understood that they had a rocky past with her. But if she really could help them, it was worth a shot. And if she did lead them into a trap, they could always defend themselvesâ€!

"Alright," Emma spoke up, seeming to come to the same conclusion. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but lead the way, Zelena."

"Perfect!" she sang, and turned so that the group was walking behind her.

They continued looking around at the scenery, but Zelena's humming was a bit of a distraction. Finally, Ron asked, "Why are you green?" Typically, it would have been quite a rude question, but Harry honestly didn't mind if this lady got offended.

"Oh, me?" Zelena asked. "Well, that's a long story."

"Wait, it was because of envy, wasn't it?" Hermione asked, rubbing her chin. "You're the Wicked Witch of the West."

"That I am," Zelena answered, though she sounded a little annoyed with Hermione.

"Envy for who?" Harry wanted to know.

Zelena didn't turn around when she said, quite stiffly, "My very own sister."

Harry, Hermione, and Ron stayed silent after that - they didn't want to cross that line. Whatever history Regina and Zelena had together, it was obviously very nasty.

They soon entered the city, and the green lights became brighter, flashing in Harry's eyes. He fixed his glasses, trying to see better, but it wasn't long before they wove in between the tall buildings until they finally reached the castle.

Two guards were flanking the drawbridge, and they were so still they looked almost like toys. One nodded to Zelena, and the group entered

safely, their feet clacking across the drawbridge until they reached the main gate. Harry looked up at the huge castle looming over them - it was quite intimidating, and it was worse to think that this was where the Wizard of Oz lived.

They went through the main hall until they entered the throne room. It was a long hallway, with the yellow brick road running in the middle, except now it was gold. There were lamps along the path filled with a glowing green liquid, illuminating the room and its shiny surfaces. Finally, there were steps that led up to a huge gold curtain, where the words 'Oz' were imprinted on the front.

The group walked forward until they were standing in front of the gold curtain, and a booming voice, annoyingly familiar, said, "Well, hello. It's my favourite set of friends that tried to stop me and failed. Thank you for bringing them, Zelena."

"You're welcome, Master," Zelena cooed.

Harry shot a distasteful glance at her. How loyal she was to him now, after she had helped them!

"I suppose I'll have to deal with them," the Wizard continued, and the gold curtain dropped, revealing the Wizard of Oz himself, sitting on a gold-and-green throne and looking as smug as ever.

But he was holding the *Once Upon a Time* book. "Still want this?" he called, waving it through the air. "Well, you'll have to come and get it."

**Sorry I didn't post yesterday, I was busy. But now I have a lot of homework. BLEH. - Key **

**P.S. Yes, I did incorporate Zelena. As annoying as she is, she's one of my favourite villains, and somehow is evil with style. ;)
**

End
file.